

WINTER IN ENGLAND.—The London correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, in his letter of January 6th (by the Niagara) says:—

Winter has not only suspended all operations between the belligerents on the banks of the Danube, but has also visited London with unparalleled rigor and interfered for two or three days with the entire communication of the country, except as far as it could be carried on by the Electric Telegraph.

The frost is now gradually breaking up, but during the period of its continuance a lower temperature has been experienced than on any previous occasion during the present century, the thermometer a few nights ago having descended to four degrees below zero. About the same time, an unprecedentedly heavy fall of snow took place, which not only blocked up most of the ordinary roads, but likewise put a stop to the traffic on many of the principal railways. The consequence was that business in London was brought almost to a stand. Orders of all kinds, as well as advances of bills for acceptance or payment, were delayed and 530 were noted by the Bank of England alone on one evening; while a similar state of affairs prevailed at the other banking establishments. The electric telegraph being put into active requisition, these inconveniences were, in a great measure, rectified on the following morning, although as regards places with which the wires do not communicate, the difficulty yet continues. The Scotch and Irish mails are still two or three days overdue, and the transit of goods is almost everywhere suspended. The navigation of the Thames was likewise obstructed, and in the higher parts of the river in the neighborhood of Richmond it was in a condition to allow of skating. The snow-storm was accompanied by a hurricane of extraordinary violence, which has been followed during the last two days by an equally remarkable degree of stillness.

TERRIBLE SCENES AT A SHIPWRECK.—The Liverpool papers furnish full accounts of the wreck of the ship *Taylor*, on the Irish coast, at the Island of Lamb, on the 21st of January, having 620 souls on board, of whom near 400 were lost. One of the passengers saved thus describes the scene:—

"A raft was constructed, on which great numbers of persons embarked, but it was drifted against the rocks and upset, when all it perished. A rope was then conveyed on shore, by one of the swimmers, and about one hundred attempted to gain the rocks by clinging to it, when the vessel suddenly fell over on her side, which slackened one end of the rope and caused the entire of them to let go their hold. The whole of them were drowned. The captain, whose name was Noble, was saved, but the only part of his dress that he landed in was a flannel shirt. The surgeon of the ship, who had his wife and child on board, attempted to swim on shore with his child on his back, and supporting his lady with one arm while he swam with the other; the three, however, unfortunately perished. One lady had £3,000 in bank note sewed in her stays; she offered £2,000 to any one who would save her life, but in vain. She also was drowned. A child of five months old is saved, and both parents are drowned. A German emigrant rescued this child's life by bearing it in his teeth from the wreck to the shore. Only seven women are saved, the rest, 197 in number, are drowned. There are now upwards of sixty dead bodies on the island, and 200 survivors."

A CASE.—Miss Fitznancy—elderly maiden—charged Mr. Cleaver, the gay young man who was accustomed to carry home her marketing, with having forcibly kissed her in the entry of her own house. Mr. Cleaver, although proud of his personal appearance, was short—very short—considering his whiskers; his height, even in French boots, reaching only to four feet eleven inches. Miss Fitznancy, on the contrary, being fond of extremes, ran up a foot higher—and staid there; being of remarkably rigid deportment. She swore the abbreviated, yet the amos butcher kissed her! by assault—and she hauled him up for it. Butcher—with some expressions of disgust, more emphatic than necessary—denied the charge. Butcher was fat—lady wasn't. Cleaver had antipathy to what he irreverently termed "scrappy" women, and vowed he hadn't kissed her, and wouldn't! Money couldn't hire him to.

Being cross examined, lawyer inquires of the lady the circumstances—when, where, how, &c. Lady replies with great particularity: On Monday morning—ten o'clock—in the entry—resisted all she could, but he persevered, and triumphed!

Lawyer asks—"Did he not stand on anything but the floor?"

"No! he stood on the floor—no chair, stool, or anything else being brought into requisition."

"But, my dear madam, this is impossible! you are twelve inches taller than he. How could he reach your lips?"

Lady hadn't thought of that, but she was not to be tripped up by the gibbets of them all; so she replies: "Oh! ah! well—I know—yes! to be sure! but then you know—I scrooged a little!"

"Exactly! Thank you, madam; that'll do."

"Nothing further, your honor."

Verdict for the short defendant.—*Clinton (N. Y.) Ostrant.*

IMPORTANT DECISION IN ADMIRALTY.—A case has just been decided in the U. S. District Court at New York, before Judge Ingersoll, in which a libel was filed by Francis Vose, Charles L. Perkins, and John B. Kittel, against Thomas Allen, the owner of the British bark *Majestic*, for the recovery of the value of a quantity of pig iron, shipped at Belfast, Ireland, by Ralston, Goodwin & Co., on board the *Majestic*, to be carried to the port of New York, and there, at said port, the dangers of the seas only excepted, to be delivered to the libellants or their assigns. About fifty tons of the iron, of the two hundred and twenty tons so shipped, was lost at the port of New York, while the *Majestic* was discharging her cargo, by the breaking and sinking of a pier-wharf or bridge, upon which the iron was placed when being landed from the bark, and the claim of the libellants is that it was so lost before it was delivered to them, by the carrier, according to the terms of the bill of lading executed at the time the iron was shipped at Belfast. The Court held that the pier on which the iron was landed "was safe and proper for a certain quantity of iron, but not safe and proper for one hundred and fifty tons placed on it in the manner that this iron was placed," and that in the delivery of goods from a vessel on to a landing place, in order to make it equivalent to a personal delivery, it "must be a proper place for landing, and the landing must be made in proper landing manner. No unsafe landing place can be a proper landing place, and no unsafe mode or way of landing can be considered as a proper mode or way of landing the goods."

The decree of the Court, therefore, was that the libellants recover the amount of the damages occasioned to the iron by the breaking of the pier, and that it be referred to a Commissioner to ascertain and report what the damage is.

HEMP.—We have noticed, says the St. Louis Intelligencer, that the entire stock of hemp in store has been closed out at very high prices, the last lot of 95 bales selling on Saturday last at \$135 per ton. By reference to our files, we find on the 31st of January, 1853, one year ago, that the total amount then in store was 150 bales, and held at \$115. The last sales from store previous to that time were at \$110 a \$112.

San Diego Herald.

Judge Ames, of the San Diego Herald, has gone away again from his post, and left a Monsieur Borax in his place. We think some fun may be anticipated from the following leader—the first under Borax's administration:—

"Departure of the Great Ames.—Again is the sorrowing journalist compelled to record in the blackest ink and with bottomless regret, another exodus of the able-bodied Ames. Accompanied by the usual umbrella, attired in his wonted costume from head to foot, and accurately balanced upon the middle of the spine of an ancient and rat-tailed mule with very thin legs, the worthy editor left this gay and festive scene of his labors and ambled gently out of the village at a somewhat late hour for an early start, on the morning of one of the hot days towards the latter part of the week. His ultimate destination hap pening to be no hotter place than San Francisco (in this world we mean) the transportation of the inseparable umbrella exhibits to us infinite tact and judgment, and the distance of that retired place from here being a trifle of six hundred miles or so, the selection of a mule as a vehicle of conveyance reveals at once that ready perception of the fitness of things and practical adaptation to circumstances which has ever been the admiration of the civilized world."

Before setting out he came to us with a solemn face and the keys of the sanctum, and delivered himself with great majesty of the following sentiments:—

Ames.—Borax, my boy, take the paper in charge, and don't for God's sake meddle with politics. Steer clear of them, and you may do what you like with the paper and all that belongs to it. I've tried prodding once and—

Borax.—Sir, you'd better stay at home and edit the paper yourself. Every trumpet should be blown by its own mouth-piece, and the rule holds good with regard to tin whistles.

Ames.—But business, my dear fellow—

Borax.—And politics too, my good judge—

Ames.—Takes me occasionally to San Francisco, and when absent the paper should echo my sentiments and not those of my erratic friends.

Borax.—Sir, shall a man stifle his own convictions under the wet blanket of personal friendship, and incessantly ram his head into a meal sack to avoid the light—

Ames.—Let your convictions slide, old fellow, and let's take something to drink. I know you'll regard my wishes.

Borax.—(resignedly).—Then so be it. (Imbibes)

—Boston, here's luck."

EFFECTS OF A GENERAL WAR IN EUROPE.—How would a general war in Europe affect the cotton manufacture of Great Britain and the commercial and financial interests of the United States? A writer in the London *Times* says:—

"From all parts of the kingdom, the most remarkable feature of the various advices is the confidence felt in the powerlessness of Russia to inflict any permanent damage on the commerce and civilization of the world, and the consequent absence of the slightest disposition to panic. Proper caution is displayed, but the freedom from speculation so long noticeable has apparently placed the trade of the world beyond the reach of anarchists in any quarter."

The New York *Economist* predicts that such a war, with the increasing loss of credit on the part of the European governments, would drive large amounts of capital across the Atlantic, for investment in American, State, railroad and other stocks. It refers to the convulsions of 1848, when French 5's fell in three weeks from 116 to 61. Notwithstanding the fact that revolution then swept over Europe too rapidly to give time by which "means might be gradually realized and remitted" to this country, yet United States 6's rose during the year from 97 to 107½. The same paper adds:—

The quantity of American stocks is now being reduced, and the great railroads with landed securities must furnish better investments than the rotten credits of unstable governments. Hitherto the great banking houses have been the foci into which the floating capital of Europe has been concentrated, and applied to the demands of governments. Their efficiency depended upon the allegiance of the monied men to existing governments. The revenues of aristocracy, gentry, and the better class of trades-people, are freely loaned to the support of governments, which, under the name of protection, conferred monopoly on capital, and exacted from the laboring man the means of paying interest on the surplus profits thus derived and loaned to the State. An entire change has now taken place, and it has become manifest that labor must be emancipated from thralldom and oppression; hence the classes among whom the bankers retained the stock they took from the governments, have no longer confidence in these securities; and when Austria proposes a loan, the means of paying off which depends upon the subjugation of two countries like Italy and Hungary to a foreign yoke, in this age of the world, the hazard becomes too great, even if the opinion of money lenders had not changed against governments. In former years, when the paralysis of war threw money out of trade, it found in high government a safe investment and a patriotic motive. That credit is now nearly ruined, while the spirit of liberalism repels the motive. In the public improvements of the United States, on the other hand, both safety and human progress invite investments. Hence, therefore, not only the gold of California, but the capital of Europe, will accumulate more freely in consequence of war."

GAMBLING AMONG THE GERMANS.—Grant, in his "Records of a Run through Continental Europe," depicts with fearful vividness the power which the vice of gambling exerts over the minds of the German people, even among the higher classes. The writer says:—

"I have seen the roulette tables surrounded by some of the most elegantly dressed and fascinating women I ever met with, and under twenty-five years of age, I have seen them moreover, risk and lose their money in large sums. Shall I give one instance that persons of respectability, and ladies, too—gamble at Baden Baden? Why should I hesitate to make a specific allusion? The thing was done in the presence of hundreds, and would have been so had there been thousands to witness it."

I stood there by the side of the Countess Nesselrode—not the Countess of the distinguished Russian diplomatist of that name, but the Countess of his nephew, who was lately sent to England by the Czar, with important documents and propositions relative to the Turkish question—I stood by her side while she played for and lost considerable sums—for she had what is called a run of ill luck. They all stand while playing; and this distinguished Russian Countess, dressed in a style of surpassing splendor, was there among the crowd, treated exactly in the same way as if she had been a person of no note. During the time of play, not a word is spoken by either party. All are as mute as if they had lost the power of speech."

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has returned to the stage. She appeared as Fianca, "Fazio," at the Haymarket theatre, London, on the 23d ultimo. The *Times* speaks highly of her performance.

The young widow who edits a paper out in Ohio, says "we don't look so well to-day on account of the non-arrival of the mails."

[From an Eye-Witness.]

The Emperor Nicholas as a Warrior.

People will remember that Nicholas, when at Varna, prudently kept his steamer out of the reach of the Turkish guns. Marshal Diebitch undertook the command on condition that neither the Czar nor his brother should remain in Turkey. Since then Nicholas has yielded to the conviction that he is not able to conduct a war, and so he has contented himself with commanding at reviews, and this he does with delight and fanaticism. He identifies himself with such manoeuvres so well that he takes them for actual engagements. He takes off his helmet once, and cries out, "Boys. God for us: into the fire!" Another time he gives his aids-de-camp an order to carry, and forgetting that there was no danger, he says, "Fight your way through; care not for your family, I will provide for them." Obligated to surrender Petersburg, he puts this clause in the capitulation, that "The Winter palace and the Imperial family shall be preserved; if not, he will fight to the last drop of his blood!" He is never victorious but always beaten.

Last year he was surrounded by General Rudiger, and a division marched to cut off from him the last hamlet for his retreat. An aid-de-camp, and afterwards, the Minister of War himself, came to the commander of this division, to persuade him not to perform this manoeuvre: but he says, in reply, that he must obey his immediate chief. Then they address the same prayer to General Rudiger. "I should like to save his Majesty (answered the old warrior), but how is it to be managed? Now, my weakest point is here: let the Emperor attack it—let him kill my artillerymen, and break through, I will do nothing to prevent it." It happened as he advised, and the Czar, full of joy, said, "Are not my rifle-men a splendid idea?" In every company, namely, eleven, carabineers have been appointed, whose rifle reach to the distance of 1,000 paces, in imitation of the Austrian Infantry.

At night he gives orders that the alarm shall not be sounded before 8 o'clock in the morning, yet to send him reports every hour. He wraps himself up in his cloak and slumbers. The General who has to send the reports has them all in readiness and goes to bed, ordering a paper to be taken every hour from his table and carried to the Emperor.

Once the Czar killed a great many horses in searching for the enemy, whom he could not meet with—He calls the commander of the detachment, and says to him, "Why did I not see you—were you afraid?" "I have neither cavalry nor artillery. I must keep in the forest!" answered the general. The Czar arrested him, and the general who succeeded him, in order to avoid the same fate, drove the division before the eyes of the Czar, suffered himself to be beaten, but escaped the anger of his Majesty. And such an Emperor is to conquer the world!

One evening, in the Empress's drawing-room, Nicholas opened her album, and stood looking at a drawing, lost in thought. His wife ventured to inquire as to the subject of his thoughts. The subject of the drawing was a Godefroy de Bouillon at Jerusalem. "I like such an enterprise," said the Czar: "I understand the nature of so great a design. Yes, to go to war for the sake of an idea, to fire the nations of the world with enthusiastic ardor for it—that would please me." Everybody understood that the idea of the Czar was absolutism, but we hope that Europe will not become Cossack so soon.

THE STEAMSHIP GEORGIA.—It appears that this steamer, with nearly 800 souls on board, encountered the late gale off Cape Hatteras, on the night of the 8th inst. A passenger, describing the gale, says:

At 4 o'clock in the morning, we shipped a heavy sea, which carried away bows, bulkhead, bowsprit and one anchor, leaving the whole forepart of the ship a perfect wreck. The water came over the upper deck several feet deep, and came in on the middle deck near two feet deep, and filled the hold to the depth of about three feet.

Nearly all of the steerage passengers jumped out of their berths, crying, praying, swearing, bidding one another good-by, and snatching life-preservers and running here and there, which added not a little to the general confusion and consternation. Had we shipped another such sea at that time it is the opinion of the officers, crew and passengers that we should all have gone to the bottom in fifteen minutes, and not a soul would have been left to tell the mournful tale. As we did not, and as there was a faint ray of hope left, the steerage passengers were all ordered aft, which raised the bows so we took in water only moderately. Two pumps were then worked by steam, and one forward by hands, while the passengers were formed into gangs and bailed the water from the lower cabin, so in an hour or two we were tolerably free of water, and managed to reach Norfolk.

CUPID AND THE NIGHT WATCH.—Love, it appears, (says the Baltimore *Argus*), laughs at loch-smiths; and certain negro swains, prowling around at night, in search of their Dulcinea, in back lanes, alley gates, &c., have ventured of late upon the dangerous experiment of laughing at the Dogberrys of the Watch, when the latter demand the permits authorizing them to traverse the streets at a late, unusual hour. Last night, about the witching time, a watchman arrested a Mr. "Jeemes Johnsing" of sable hue, having a large bundle in his possession. Upon being questioned as to his contents, he untied the covering and displayed a lot of odds and ends from the dinner-table—a lot "ob werry nice vittels," as he assured the watchman—which he had elicited from the affectionate regards of his Dulcinea, the greatest and blackest, if not softest of her sex. Upon being satisfied of the truth of the love and hunger-stricken swain's statement, the watchman, to prove the story of his hunger, saw him devour the entire lot of provender, amounting to some six pounds, and then suffered him to depart quietly on his winding way.

We learn that the Winter Iron Works have changed hands within a few days, at the price of \$175,000. Messrs. Jeffrey & Brother, Col. Troost and J. S. Winter, Esq., being the purchasers. These works have heretofore been owned principally by Col. John G. Winter, and his son J. S. Winter, the latter in particular charge. Col. John G. Winter has disposed of his entire interest, prompted by a desire to lessen his business-cares only—the success of these works having been unparalleled. We should greatly regret the change were we not knowing to the fact, that while Mr. J. S. Winter remains as one of the active managers, our community will realize in his associates and acquisition as citizens, of three gentlemen well known to fame and to the business world as "thorough-going," enterprising and most capable business men, with ample means to conduct and carry on successfully any enterprise which they might or would undertake. It is, we understand, the design of the new association to conduct the works on even a larger scale than heretofore. All the harm that we wish them is that their success may equal that of their predecessors.

No change of ownership occurs with the Flouring Mills, connected with the Winter Iron Works. They continue, as heretofore, under the management of Col. John G. Winter and Mr. L. B. Moody.—*Montgomery Advertiser, 4th inst.*

The genius who files newspapers, lately broke his instrument while operating upon a "hard shell" organ.

A young gent, an acquaintance of ours, was a frequent visitor since with a young lady of fashion, making a specimen of that staple known as love, suddenly, and without "knocking at the door," stepped the venerable paternal parent of the lad. This unexpected appearance of an intruder caused the young man any amount of confusion, although he was not aware that he stood in the presence of his intended father-in-law, never having had the pleasure of seeing the author of his idol before. As soon as she could recover her wonted composure, struck a graceful attitude upon the floor, and said, "Mr. B.—this is my Pa." The lover, clapping the hand of the old man, and bowing obsequiously, returned, "How do you do Mr. Pa?" The man, seeing the embarrassment of both, left them instantly, as he said, "My dear, do take care of your young man."—*For. City Dem.*

"WHO MADE YOU?"—One of the ladies connected with the Methodist Five Points Mission, who under her charge some thirty little boys, called together on the morning of Christmas, to perfect them in their answer to questions she intended to put to them before the visitors during the afternoon. After arranging them properly, the first boy on the right answer to the question, "Who made you?" was "God." The next, "Of what were you made?" "The dust of the earth," and so on through the Catechism. The all-important moment having arrived, the little "shavers" were told to stand. The little head boy, it seems, was missing, but the fact being unnoticed by the teacher, she proceeded with the question, "Who made you?" which elicited the following laughable answer: "I was made of de dirt of the 'ert; but the little feller what made has got the belly aches and gone home."

Candle making, by the use of peat, is exciting much attention in Ireland. The peat is cut in the bog and thrown into a huge retort, and there distilled, the volatile products being condensed in a vessel of the required capacity. From 100 tons of peat, as much tar is extracted as yields 350 pounds of paraffine, 300 gallons of oil, and other valuable products. The paraffine is obtained by boiling the tar in an hour water containing 3 per cent. of strong sulphuric acid when the acid unites with the tar and falls to the bottom, leaving the paraffine with the oil. The liquid is then redistilled, and the paraffine obtained in flaky cakes of a blackish color, these are then bleached with chlorine gas, then steamed and pressed into cakes, and afterwards made into beautiful white tapers.

Among the American and English visitors at present in Florence, says the correspondent of the *New York Advertiser*, may be mentioned the Hon. Charles Fenton Mercer, of Va., who at the age of 70, having acquired the Italian language, thus surpassing Caliban who boasted that he learned Greek at 60; Hon. William Hall, of N. Y., who passes the winter here with his family, Mr. Barringer, late Minister to Spain, Major Philip Kearney, late of the U. S. Army, who lost an arm in Mexico; Normanby, the present Duke of Wellington, etc. The Duke is no longer young, though not yet quite 50, he looks 60, and is the image of his father, in face, figure and voice. The resemblance is peculiarly striking, and if he does not inherit the rare intellectual qualities that ennoble the name he bears, he will transmit it unimpaired. As it seems to be the fashion in England to make disparaging comparison, it is only just to say that he possesses a full share of English good sense and cultivation, with more than ordinary simplicity of manners. The large family estates, which yield a rental some \$120,000, will descend through his young brother's family, as the Duchess has no children.

SENSIBILITY.—The N. O. Bee relates the following among other incidents connected with the burning of the Georgia:—

An individual was pointed out to us among the survivors. He was apparently about forty years of age from Georgia. On our inquiring if he had lost any of his family, he replied "no, nobody but my wife and a small gal." "Seven in all." "No dad," said a strapping boy of 17 who had eight—there was Jim and Dave and Sal, etc., etc." "Well, I believe you're right," said the father, and we walked on.

On relating the circumstance in the cars as evidence of what we consider a total destitution of sensibility, a passenger remarked "you are mistaken, sir. He is a man of very tender feelings. While he was telling me about \$900 all in \$5 gold pieces, the he had left in the clerk's hand the big tears rolling down his cheeks. He is not wanting in sensibility, if you only touch him in the right place."

A QUEER DEACON.—Curious expressions sometimes creep into the prayers of good men. At meeting one Sunday evening, Deacon J—, was "leading in prayer. He had got past the "Jews," and continued thus—"And furthermore we pray, that right and justice may speedily prevail upon earth; that wrong may be done away, and every tub be made to stand upon its own bottom—to use a vulgar though common expression," added the Deacon, after a pause, by way of apology for the use of his very colloquial phrase.

ASTRONOMICAL PUN.—When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star round which orb of day and his planetary attendants revolve—a waggish member exclaimed, "What! our sun's sun why, that must be a grand sun!"

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION IN ENGLAND.—In speaking of the latest European news the Journal of Commerce says that the tone of the English Ministerial press respecting the dispute between this country and England, arising out of Central American affairs, is such as to show that it will probably be settled in the most friendly and pacific spirit. The London *Times* of the 20th ultimo has a long article upon the subject, in the course of which it holds the following language, which may be regarded as conclusive as to the feeling in Downing street:—

"The object of the Americans, openly stated, is to prevent the growth of any rival power in Central America. It is certainly not an object with Great Britain to secure any aggressive establishments in that quarter. There is nothing, in short, which should impede a quick and effective settlement of the whole question, and we shall rejoice to hear that a desirable work is in the way of completion."

ST. LOUIS.—The Intelligencer of the 29th ult., has the following relative to the sad state of affairs in that city, owing to the suspension of navigation:—

Here we are, then, a city of 100,000 inhabitants—the "Metropolis of the West," hemmed in, literally choked off from all creation and the balance of the world. Boundaries as follows: North by the turbulent, ice-filled Missouri; east by the frozen, impassable "Rubicon;" west by "slick" plank roads and slippery turnpikes; south by a boundless expanse of snow and a howling wilderness.

Great, magnificent St. Louis!

A story is going the rounds, of a party of ladies, who were caught in a shower, having the color washed from their cheeks. A lady at our elbow thinks the color of some of the gentlemen's noses could not be washed out with a water spout!